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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume One | Richmond, California, Friday, August 4, 1933 | Number Twenty Six

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

The Council, I understand, has under consideration an application from Oakland, and intermediate points, for an indorsement of a project for a great East Bay harbor improvement extending from Richmond's inner improved harbor to and including such portions of the Oakland harbor as now remains unimproved. We are assured that this endorsement will cost us nothing and is merely a matter of courtesy or form. If that be true, why worry about our approval? Why not say, "Thanks for the call," and sit tight? We know that will cost us nothing.

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When we decided to improve our waterfront did we ask for the approval of any of these cities, and we did not, as a matter of fact, care whether they approved or not because we felt that was our own business, and we had a right to build and construct to our heart's content so long as we remained on our own dunghill.

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This may seem crude and archaic to our high-browed neighbors, but, in these times of stress and human misery, we are not so much concerned about courtesies as we are about eats.

✧ ✧ ✧

These cities seem to be unaware of the fact that we have no say in this matter. Why not suggest to them to ask Mr. Parr for his endorsement? He owns our waterfront and is the only person whose endorsement would count—we are just stuffing for Mr. Parr's duck.

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In fact, I believe I can discern the bug under this chip. If you turn it over carefully you will probably uncover the smiling visage of our distinguished benefactor, Mr. Parr. It is patent that, if we fail to join in this program, the channel between the proposed improvement and our improved waterfront would have to be dug by these other ambitious cities and paid for by them instead of us—as the program could not be successfully carried out without carrying through the channel from the terminus at the Ford plant to the city limits—"at the sole cost and expense of the city." I have grown so accustomed to that phrase that I can repeat it in my sleep; and I believe I shall request Mr. Parr to have that sentence engraved upon that monument of jackass skulls which I am sure he is going to recommend the Chamber of Commerce to erect to my memory.

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It smacks of the same scheme the Southern Pacific Co., put over on us when it discovered it had no access to our outer harbor. This company realized that it would cost a lot of money to extend its lines to this dock—so, in accordance with time honored practice, it decided to have the city build a dock accessible to its lines at the cost and expense of the taxpayers of the city. Did we do it? I'll say we did! The council, as then composed, could not work fast enough to obey the command of that great system. No-sir-ee! The galloping ghost was a snail compared with their speed.

(Continued on Last Page)

STREET WORK COMPLETED ON THE WEST SIDE

Wednesday of this week saw the final touches on the grading, leveling, and oiling work on the comprehensive street improvement program designed by City Engineer Ed Hoffman and fostered by the Street Committee of the Council of which Frank Tiller is chairman and Councilmen Hinkley and Ludewig are members. Now one can drive over the many avenues and streets such as Western, Scenic, Buena Vista, Crest, Water Street, and Western Drive with pleasure and enjoy the most marvelous view in all Richmond.

Part of the work of the engineer's office is to keep track of traffic flow, and Ed reports that hundreds of motorists enjoyed the drives over these fine streets Sunday. If you were not one, make it a pont to drive out to the "point" next Sunday; and you will know that the Progress tells the truth about the future for those who are far-sighted enough to see the advantages of living here where we have this wonderful view, as well as we tell the truth about many other things in our city which unfortunately at this time are not so pleasant.

Mrs. J. E. George, wife of the local groceryman, was taken to Cottage Hospital last Sunday morning for a major operation. Dr. W. S. Lucas, with Dr. Hector of Oakland, is in attendance, and reports Mrs. George is doing as well as can be expected.

Robbiano Party A Big Success

One of the biggest social events that has occurred in Point Richmond in years was the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Pietro Robbiano last Saturday night in honor of the christening of their daughter, Naida Beatrice Robbiano. The christening party was at the Robbiano's Standard Hotel, and a monster dance followed at the K. of P. Hal on Standard Avenue. Notables from Richmond, Martinez, and in fact from many cities throughout California, friends of the host and hostess, attended, among whom were Messrs. John Gheraloni, father of Mrs. Robbiano, and G. Virango, of Ukiah. Mont Perin Orchestra played for the dancing, and the Argentino, past master entertainer was the feature. Refreshments were served to a late hour for the happy guests.

Fox Theatre

Doll Giveaway. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, "Hold Your Man," Jean Harlow and Clarke Gable. Race Night Saturday Night. Sunday and Monday, Aug. 6-7, "Bec of Roses," Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea, also Mickey Mouse Cartoon and selected short subjects. Tuesday, Aug. 8, "The Woman I Stole," Jack Holt and Fay Wray, also Ladies Crystal Cut Glassware night. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 9-10, "Jennie Gerhardt," Sylvia Sidney and H. B. Warner, also "Untamed Africa," a thrilling educational picture. Movie Dolls Thursday Night.

The first annual Vallejo Rodeo gets under way Saturday next, August 5th, and will continue through Sunday, August 6th.

Sponsored by the Vallejo Junior Chamber of Commerce the colorful event will be topped off with a free barbecue on Sunday Vallejo intends to live up to its historic tradition as being "the friendly city."

Champion cowboys and cowgirls with aspirants for roping and riding honors will be on hand. There will also be a colorful parade.

Vallejo has taken on gala attire for the big days. The latchkey is out and the doors are wide-open.

BEST LAUGH OF THE WEEK—

When Albert S. Whitesides, former Point groceryman, told us how his little white fox terrier scared one of the big tame bears at Yellowstone Park this year, and took out after the big bear which was about fifty times his size.

Stella Vance Leading Richmond Misses In Democracy Campaign

Miss Stella Vance, 629-22nd St., is in the lead by 300 votes over other Richmond lassies who will try for the honor of being "Miss Democracy" at the Picnic in La Honda Bowl on September 3rd. Stella has 5,300 votes, and other Richmond contestants having 5,000 votes are: Blanche Floyd, Mae Hadley, Ruth Parker, Dorothy Hearn, Mildred Armstrong, Grace Buchanan, Yvonne Chancelet and Clara Spuzio.

Robbianos to Italy

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Robbiano left Monday morning for an extended trip to Sunny Italy. They will be gone for five or six months, and are especially anxious to see Mr. Robbiano's father who is ill. We trust that by the time the happy couple arrive he will have recovered, and their return trip back home, when they plan to visit Eastern cities, will be enjoyable.

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Twenty-Fourth Number - July 21, 1933

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A Word of Praise

Believing that a word of commendation is always in order for those who deserve it, the Progress notes with pleasure that the NRA Movement found the Richmond Produce Co., Inc., where they were already paying not only higher wages than the NRA requires, but higher than other concerns of its kind and size. Eight regular and three extra, employees are at all times giving the public the advantage of swift service on superior fruits and vegetables. All of the Point Richmond grocers do business with the Richmond Produce, and the secret of their success is due to the harmony of the employees and the pleasant relations with the merchants.

Not only is the Richmond Produce Company a live business organization but takes an active interest in sports, civic affairs, etc., of the city, being affiliated with the Rotary Club, Chamber of Commerce and are sponsors of the crack Richmond Produce team which represents Richmond in the Contra Costa League.

Novel Idea Originated at Games

Usually when the seventh inning comes around in our national pastime, fans rise and stretch, but when Harry Tawney's Palace Market base ballers take the field, the seventh nning means time for the drawing for free tickets, numbers to which are passed out earlier in the game, and the one who gets a lucky number is fortunate. More power to you, Harry, for this live wire idea!

Richmond Theatre

Friday, Aug. 4, Clark Gable in "Red Dust," also Tala Birell in "Nagana." Saturday, 5, Ralph Morgan in "Trick for Trick," also "Deadwood Pass." Sunday, Monday, 6-7, Edmund Lowe and Lupe Velez in "Hot Pepper," also "Man from Hell's Edges." Tuesday, Wednesday, 8-9, Sylvia Sidney in "Madame Butterfly," also Chic Sale in "Dangerous Crossroads." Thursday, Friday, 10-11, Wallace Beery in "Flesh," also Tim McCoy in "Man of Action."

CITY COUNCIL TO CONSIDER BUDGET AT MEETING TONIGHT

When Mayor Walter Johnson rapped his gavel last Monday night to have the council meet tonight in its first consideration of the budget for the coming year, he set in motion one of the hardest and most important tasks facing our city solons this year. Everywhere, other cities are considering the problem of setting assessments and tax rates; Pittsburg, for example, is raising Cain over their assessed valuation being over $6,000,000—ours is $28,500,000 this year; and Berkeley is yelling about a $1.38 tax rate—ours has been $2.22!

One of our present councilmen has said, "Oh, we're not pikers. We believe in spending good money for good men." But there are all too many heavily-burdened taxpayers here who wish we would become a little more pikerish, at least until we get back on our feet with a lower tax rate and a lower assessment on property in Richmond.

So it is probable that quite a number of taxpayers wil be interested enough to go to the city hall tonight at 7:00 p. m. and listen to a bunch of dry figures.

PARR'S MONTHLY REPORT SUBMITTED TO COUNCIL

The monthly report of the Parr Terminal Corporation to the city council last Monday night went through like a bullet through cheese.

The present report retains the peculiarities of the last few months differing from reports issued previous to February 1933 in that no longer is the petroleum classification of tonnage segregated as to the various oil companies, viz., Standard, Associated, Union, Shell, Macmillan, and so forth. Doubtless, our harbor lessee feels that it does not look so good to have this business going over Parr's private Point San Pablo Wharf at 25% to the city, when we used to get 50% of the profit when it was handled over our Municipal Wharf No. 1. However the reports up to January 1933 show that this change was made.

Another peculiar thing is the 25%-75% divvy, itself. Nowhere in the original Parr lease is any mention made of other than a 50%-50% division of profits. Though dimly we seem to remember something about a "gentlemen's agreement" with Mr. Parr to this effect, after he had committed the gentlemanly act of taking this business away from Wharf No. 1.

Apparently, we have won another victory in this report: General office expense has been cut to $300 per month, it used to be $600; and no longer do we find the familiar items of Mr. Parr's lodge and club dues enumerated. Oh, yes, the profits to be sure; but then the city doesn't ever see any money in this lease so why bring THAT up!

Trinity Guild

Trinity Guild met Wednesday afternon at the Church to arrange for the quilting bee, which will be the first event of the fall season.

FORLORN ISLAND

By EDISON MARSHALL

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THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

With his yacht, the Intrepid, abandoned by its crew, Felix Horton, millionaire, sailing with his mother, his daughter Nan, and Roy Stuart, puts into Squaw Harbor, Alaska, to recruit. Failing to secure sailors, Horton engages a bunch of nondescripts. A gigantic Pole, Sandomar, is their leader. At the request of Captain Waymire, the Intrepid's skipper, an old friend, Eric Ericssen, holding master's papers, but unemployed, engages to sail as chief officer. Nan, attracted by Eric, indulges in a moonlight flirtation, which brings them both to the threshold of interest in each other, if not of love. The Intrepid is wrecked by one of Sandomar's crowd. Eric takes command of a small boat, with Horton's party. Unable to help, they watch Sandomar kill Captain Waymire and leave the ship with his crowd. Waymire has thrown Eric a revolver. From one of the Aleut Indians, ashore, who speaks a little English, Eric learns there is no communication with the outside world. Fireheart, priestess of the island, descended from a white man in the remote past, also knowing some English, welcomes the castaways. Sandomar declares there shall be no law on the island, but Eric, having the only gun, cows him for the time, declaring he is the law, and lays out work for all. Nan faces the situation bravely. Eric's love for her, first felt on the Intrepid, swells, and he tells her he means to win her for his mate. She is not unwilling. Fireheart claims Eric as her own, to his dismay.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—7—

When the knife-cuts on his ridge-pole recorded seven days—when seven eternities had come and gone since his exile on Forlorn Island—he had gone to a lonely reach of beach to scout game. Sandomar's men were working quietly at the nets and traps. The Aleuts seemed cheerful, and the weather was worth recording in picture writing in the archives of the tribe.

For the first time since the shipwreck, he could take down his guard. His muscles need not be cocked like the hammer of a pistol, and his eyes could wander dreamily, with no care for flickering shadows just past their corners.

But suddenly the truce ended. It had been only an illusion—false dawn. Over the dunes and down the beach came two dark figures.

One was a little man, with a quick, short step. The other, barrel-chested and long of arm, had a hobbling, unsteady gait.

Like most men who dwell close to the source of life, Eric had a strong intuitive power. A sense of grave peril hung over him. Somehow he knew that this open strand was to be the scene of one of the great crises of the island adventure.

Still the two nearing figures made no suspicious movements. Sandomar talked idly, Eric could see his head turn, and frequently Garge's little hand lifted to reply. To a casual view neither man was armed. The heavy ten-foot pole on Sandomar's shoulder was merely a piece of driftwood he had dug out of the sand and could well be carrying home for the supper fire. Garge had a stone the size and shape of a big potato in plain sight in his hand.

Eric's own right hand fell to his side, in quick reach of his revolver, as his foes trudged near.

"I found this 'ere stone on the beach," Garge began when he was ten paces off. But he did not stop—still talking, he followed Sandomar until both men stood within six feet of their prey. "The old lady said she wanted a pestle for mashing up breadroot, and I thought this 'ere might do."

Eric hardly heard him. His thoughts were fairly flying, seeking deliverance. That these two foes had come deliberately to kill him he had not the least doubt. To lose his head meant to lose his life. . . . But that danger was passed now. Suddenly his fears scuttled away like coyote cubs, and he was cold and deadly as a she-wolf. If this pair wanted a finish-fight, by G—d, they would get it! He would not wait for the trap to spring, but would strike first and hard.

He could spare the two cartridges. The only question was the best and safest way to carry out his iron resolve. In his present stand, he could not reach for his pistol. Both men would attack at once, and though he might down one of them, the other would be almost certain to get in a fatal blow.

"I saw a better stone for the purpose just a few seconds ago," he said thoughtfully. He backed a few feet, his eyes on the ground.

Apparently he had dropped his guard. Actually it was as strict as ever. He was not searching for stones, but watching the long shadows of his enemies, cast by the low sun.

The shorter shadow never wavered. Garge's eyes were quick as a rat's: perhaps he saw through Eric's trick. Anyway, it was not in his make-up to attack from the front, even though the hated stern eyes were lowered. He made the first move to warn his companion.

But before the fingers of his untrained left hand could waggle their message Sandomar's fury and hatred broke from its leash. He did not whirl to strike sideways with the pole. Eric was already out of reach of such a blow. Instead he jerked the short end of the pole straight down, with all the superhuman strength of his long biceps. As the long end flew up he meant to change hands, his left at the pole-end and his right far enough back to give him leverage, then strike down as with a club.

Eric was only ten feet distant, in easy reach. Unless all signs failed the mighty bludgeon would be hanging heavy over his head before he looked up. Sandomar's brutal heart was swelling, larger and larger, with a horrible sadist ecstasy. It was fulfilment . . . victory . . . revenge. . . .

But as the island priestess had often told in the kashga on winter nights, chanting the ancient legends of the Aleuts no man can escape his shadow. At Sandomar's first move, his black flattened image mocked him on the sand.

Eric saw its first flicker. His hand leaped up and out fast as a striking salmon. The blue steel of his revolver gleamed in the sunlight. On his face was a look of doom.

As the sweeping barrel came level with Sandomar's breast, Eric pulled the trigger. . . .

But the silence held. There was only a futile click of the hammer against the breach. The gun had misfired.

CHAPTER VI

TO ALL intents and purposes Eric was finished. He had no time to dodge or grapple with his enemy . . . yet he lived on! It was not a miracle from Beyond, but something hardly less strange and awe-inspiring—the workings of hidden natural laws on men and minds.

The same degeneration in Sandomar's brain that gave him his gorilla strength and savagery had afflicted him with deafness—perhaps by Nature's scheme of checks and balances. He could see, but he could not hear. He did not know that Eric had already tried in vain to kill him and was now at his mercy. Instead he thought that he himself was close to death. And he dared not face the great dark! He believed his only hope was to beg quarter. With his great strength he stopped the club in midair, then swung it aside. Before it struck the ground his huge ape-like arms were towering in surrender over his head.

In the meantime, where was Garge? He was not deaf—he had heard the gun click—and now was his chance to hurl his stone. But the trouble was that his strength lay wholly and utterly in Sandomar. Garge's hand started to draw back, but the sight of Sandomar's great paws in the air made the iron in his muscles melt and run out. His arm dropped slack to his side.

He could not pass a signal to his mate. Sandomar's yellow eyes were locked on Eric's face. Presently the chance had gone by. Eric had backed swiftly away; only a lucky throw could down him now. One stinging curse cracked slowly from Sandomar's gray lips; then he wheeled and strode rapidly toward the village.

The next thing Eric knew he was crouching in the half-dusk of his turf-house, the door closed and barred. He was aware of sharp nausea. . . .

Not yet could he learn the full truth. His fumbling hands and staring eyes could make no adequate examination o the defective revolver. It was an old-style weapon with a solid breach. Rallying his faculties, Eric unscrewed the little ramrod from below the barrel, and turning the cylinder, pushed out the cartridges one by one.

The gun held six shells. Five of these, including the failure, were new and bright, made for modern center-fire revolvers. But this weapon was rim-fire, and not even a gunsmith with his tools could change the mechanism so that it could discharge center-fire cartridges

Only one of the six shells was rim-fire, a left-over from some former gunplay or target practice. It was old, its brass somewhat corroded, and of doubtful value, but it was the only remaining rampart against death, dishonor, and unconscionable disaster.

As the Sweeping Barrel Came Level With Sandomar's Breast Eric Pulled the Trigger.

With cool and steady movements Eric began to put the dummy loads back in their chambers. The lone rim-fire cartridge was the last—grimly he turned the cylinder until it was in position to fire. Then he unbolted the door and pushed out into the fading day.

Roy and DeValera hurried forward to meet him, suppressed excitement on their faces. "There seems to be some trouble brewing," Roy began. "Sandomar and Garge came in very excited, and rounded up their gang. They are mighty bold, and Garge hinted to DeValera of a big jamboree tonight. Have you any idea what's got into them?"

Eric did not answer, but looked keenly into the Irishman's dark, narrow-set eyes. "What time did he say the row was going to start?"

DeValera hesitated briefly. "He didn't tell me. He knows I'm with you fellows. But I was just suggesting to Mr. Stuart that unless you're mighty confident, perhaps we ought to make a compromise—"

"Compromise with the devil!" Eric's tones were rough. "I'll decide what's to be done, and don't need any suggestions. Now go and help the natives with today's catch."

DeValera's right hand went up in a half-salute before he remembered that he was no longer before the mast. At once he turned to obey.

"It seems to me you're a little bit high-handed," Roy said quietly. "Our position isn't so good that you can risk antagonizing DeValera. He's one of our party—"

"Do you trust him?" Eric broke in.

"As far as I can trust anybody in this mess."

"We want only those who'll stick through thick and thin. The rest will do more harm than good. And I don't want DeValera to know our plan of battle."

Roy's hand was perfectly steady as he lighted a smoke. "You think there'll be a mutiny tonight?"

"A good one. They think they can kill me or bluff me out. They may do one, but it's too late for the other. Now get Horton and the rest, and bring 'em here."

A moment later Eric gazed into the tense, pale faces of his friends. His first question, shot between hard lips, raised the short hairs on their scalps. "Nan, can you row?"

Her answer came quick and clear. "Pretty fair."

"Mother Horton, can you? Even a little?"

"I used to, as a girl. I'll do my d—dest, if that's what you mean."

"What are you getting at, Eric?" Horton gasped. "I must know at once."

"There may be some trouble tonight. If I'm killed, as many of you as can must leave the island. Don't ask me where you'll go. I know there'd be only one chance in a hundred of getting through the reefs alive—but that's a better chance than to stay here at Sandomar's mercy."

"I'm not so sure of that." Roy's tones came cold and gray through the cold, gray dusk. "We might be able to persuade him and his crew—"

"For God's say, Roy, believe me! You can't trust them a minute, much less this whole night." The tide of his courage, for the moment running out, surged up again. "They won't likely make trouble until nearly dark, and as soon as the light fails, I want you to be ready to go. You three women will leave the fire and say you're going to bed. Horton, you go with them. At once circle back to the beach and ship the boat ready to shove off on a second's notice. Put in it every oar and paddle you can find from all boats—so they can't follow you until you've got a good head start; put in water and blankets, too. Then watch there in the dark until the danger's over—or until I go down."

"Until you go down!" Nan echoed slowly. "You mean you're going to try to stand them off alone?"

"If they can be stood off at all, I can do it alone. For others to stay won't help my chances, and will only throw away lives. And it wouldn't delay the pursuit more than a minute or two—taking all the oars'll handle that—and the more of you to row, the better chance you'll have of getting through the reefs."

"I think that's true," Roy said. "There'd be only a chance in a hundred at best."

Nan looked at him strangely. Then, to Eric: "When we see you fall, we're to steal away. Is that it?"

"Get away quietly if you can. In any case—get away! Roy and Wilcox better stay by the fire almost to the last, to keep the gang from getting on to your plan, but when they see the jig's up, they can duck, shove you off, and pile in with you. Row as fast as you can. They'll not get started right away, and'll lose you in the darkness. You'll probably be drowned in the morning, but the hundredth chance remains."

Horton's gray face suddenly turned dark red. "I'm going to stay! It's my daughter and my mother, and by G—d, I can help fight for them!" His gaze grew fixed, and his voice began to break. "They—they don't need me in the boat—and—if they get to civilization—they—can draw on—my account—"

He did not see Nan's eyes fill with tears, but he saw Eric nod his head. "You can stay if you like. It may give the others a little more chance."

"I'll stay, then. It's my place—and I'm not afraid of death."

"Why need anyone stay?" Nan demanded. "Why can't we all steal off—now?"

"It may not be necessary for anyone to go," Eric answered. "Remember, it's practically suicide. And I'm not licked yet by a long shot. I mean to fight to the last ditch, kill as many as I can, and I may scare out the rest. Under no circumstances are you to run the risk until I go down."

"How about trying to line up the Aleuts?" Nan asked.

"It can't be done on such short notice, if at all. I know 'em, they'll just stand and stare. If they took part at all it would be on Sandomar's side."

The silence fell again. At last Nan turned quietly to Roy. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to do the rational thing, try to get away in the boat and save your life," Roy answered calmly. "To stay here and fight would be a gesture, an empty piece of folly, that, thank God, makes no appeal to me."

"How about Eric? Is it a piece of folly for him, too?"

"It's his own funeral. This is his show, first to last, and he apparently enjoys it. His way is not my way. And when he gets himself killed off, I'd favor our turning back to the island in the dawn, when the men's heads are cool, and making terms with them."

A shadow that might have been terror swept across Eric's face. His arms rose, then fell to his side. "Nan, will you make me a promise?" he asked tensely.

"What is it?"

"Will you swear that if Sandomar wins and you have to go, that you'll never turn back? That no matter what happens, storm or hunger or thirst, you won't let Roy bring you back? That you'll jump overboard first?"

The fading light showed Nan's countenance calm and strong, her long eyes bright with tears. "I promise, Eric."

"And I'll stand by her," Mother Horton said. "If they return, it will be over my dead body."

Eric could only nod his thanks. "Then all of you buck up and get busy. Don't show any fear—act the same as always—only be ready. And I think we'll all come through all right."

The group broke up and sauntered back to the cooking fire. It was only a moment later that Sandomar and his henchmen came tramping over the bluff, their figures dark and ominous against the twilight sky.

Eric had given orders for the safety of passengers and crew; from now on, he alone must plat the course and turn the wheel. If he were forced to shoot, who would be his victim? It was not as simple a question as it seemed. If the tiger dropped, the jackal might go mad, rushing in with that awful frenzy of little, cowardly things. It would seem wise to destroy Garge, and thus crush Sandomar beneath a wall of silence. Yet again Eric's instincts triumphed. Sandomar was his own and Nan's arch enemy; if Eric must fall, the jungle-beast must lie beside him.

It would not be long now. The gulls were wailing the day's departure; the sea was one purple shadow blending into dusk. Horton rose, spoke in unsteady tones of being tired, and with the three women, left the firelight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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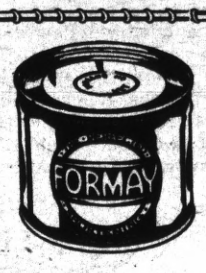

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Cucumbers . . . . 3 for **5c**

AMERICAN HEROINES

By LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

Cynthia Ann Parker

WHEN her relatives finally found her, and restored her to the birthright which was hers as a white woman of good family, Cynthia Ann Parker looked like an Indian, her skin burned brown under the hot sun of the Western plains, her clothing a dirty blanket and worn moccasins, and she acted like one.

Here was a strange story. The Parkers came pioneering into Texas between 1835 and 1840, when Texas had just wrested independence from Mexico, and bands of hostile Indians and marauding Mexicans still roamed the sparsely settled plains. They settled near the present site of Groesbeck. Only a little later, during an attack by the Comanche Indians, Cynthia Ann and her small brother were captured and carried away.

Years passed before the whites learned of the fate of the little girl. Then a band of hunters, visiting the camp of the Comanches, now turned friendly, saw her there, grown to young womanhood. They finally persuaded the red men to allow them to talk with her. But it was an unsatisfactory interview.

More years went by. The white girl was married, after the Indian custom, to a brave named Peta Nocona, and bore him a son, destined to become known throughout the nation as Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches, one of the most noble and famous of red men.

When Texas achieved statehood, a military force was organized to clear her borders of the menacing red men. During an expedition led against the Comanches by Capt. L. S Ross, Peta Nocona was killed and Cynthia Ann captured, carried away from her son and her red friends and restored to the whites. Still her face was an impenetrable mask. She seemed to have no recollection of her own language or people. Finally Captain Ross resorted to the happy device of relating to her, detail by detail, but as if it had happened to someone else, the story of her own childhood. When he told of the Indian raid and kidnaping, her face at last lit with recognition. Pointing a grimy finger at herself she said, "Me Cynthia Ann!"

At Austin, Texas, she was placed in the home of a brother. But she was here as restless as if in actual captivity, and only a few years later she died.

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Lead a Dog's Life

Led around the city on a leash, kept in cars most of the time and entombed in city apartments, Russian wolf hounds do not lead enviable lives. These hounds, with their extremely long legs and their enormous ribcases, really belong on the steppes of Russia and no place else. They should be kept moving about constantly, not cramped in close quarters.

POTPOURRI

Ostrich Eggs

A full-grown ostrich is 7 or 8 feet tall and weighs as much as 300 pounds. Its eggs weigh about three pounds and the newly hatched birds are as large as fully grown hens. Each female deposits about ten eggs, but the male guards them and even sits upon the nest at night.

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CHILDREN'S STORY

—By—

THORNTON W. BURGESS

HOOTY, THE OWL, DISCOVERS WHAT IS GOING ON

To-whoo! To-whoo; To-whoo-whoo-whoo!
What may a hungry fellow do?

SO SAID Hooty the Owl as he waited for the Black Shadows to creep out from the Purple Hills. It was just the hour when Hooty always is hungry. You see he had

Now He Was Wide Awake and Waiting Only for Mr. Sun to Go to Bed.

had nothing to eat since just before daylight that morning, and then it had been a mere bite, a careless little mouse. All day Hooty had slept in the top of his favorite tree in the lonesomest part of the Green Forest. Now he was wide awake and waiting only for Mr. Sun to go to Bed, taking with him his children, the Jolly Little Sunbeams. You see, Hooty the Owl does not like them. They try to blind him. They never succeed, for though many people don't think so, Hooty can see very well indeed in daytime, but the dusk is easier on his big eyes, and so he waits until then to do his hunting.

Now, one of the first places Hooty visits every night is the Smiling Pool. Had he had a mind to, Hooty could tell dark stories of things which have happened in the Smiling Pool, strange disappearances among the little people who live there. At least they were strange to all but Hooty. The truth is, in or around the Smiling Pool Hooty has found many a good dinner.

In his own peculiar way Hooty is clever. He is very clever indeed.

GABBY GERTIE

"An inveterate talker may have little to say, but repeats it often."

You know how he flies without making a sound, for all the world like a drifting shadow. But with all his cleverness Hooty never had been able to catch Jerry Muskrat. He had tried times enough, goodness knows. Ever since Jerry was big enough to leave his mother, and even before, Hooty had tried and tried to catch Jerry. At first it was because Jerry was young and tender. Now it was because he was so big and would make such a satisfying dinner.

As he waited for the change to the Black Shadows, Hooty was thinking of Jerry and wondering why it was he had seen him so seldom during the past summer. The reason was that having no house in the Smiling Pool, Jerry had lived in his castle in the bank of the Laughing Brook. Hooty had not known this.

At last it was dark enough to suit him and on silent wings Hooty sailed out from the Green Forest straight for the Smiling Pool. As he drew near he saw right away that the water was quite muddy and that it was muddiest near a certain place beyond the Big Rock. Hooty was interested. He turned so as to sail over the Big Rock and then saw that something was going on underneath. For just an instant Jerry's head appeared. That was enough. Hooty understood. Chuckling softly, Hooty turned back toward the Green Forest.

"I know what's going on," he chuckled. "I know what's going on. He's building a new house. By and by it will be above water. He will be so busy building he may forget to watch out. If he does I am just the fellow who wants to be around. Just let him once forget when I am about and he will have no more use for a new house. Now, I'll stay away from the Smiling Pool for a few nights. It won't do to have him see me about."

©, 1933, by T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Cuticura Talcum
For Every Member of the Family

It soothes and cools Father's face and removes the after-shaving shine, comforts baby's tender skin and prevents chafing and irritation, and gives the finishing touch to Mother's toilet.

Price 25c

Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

*GOLF *THE FIREFALL
*SWIMMING *FISHING
*BEARS' BANQUETS
*RIVERSIDE BARBECUES
*MOONLIGHT RAINBOWS
*HIKING *SADDLE TRIPS
*TENNIS *DANCING
*EVENING CONCERTS

Ask for illustrated vacation folders —your travel agent or the Yosemite Park and Curry Co., Yosemite National Park, California.

YOSEMITE

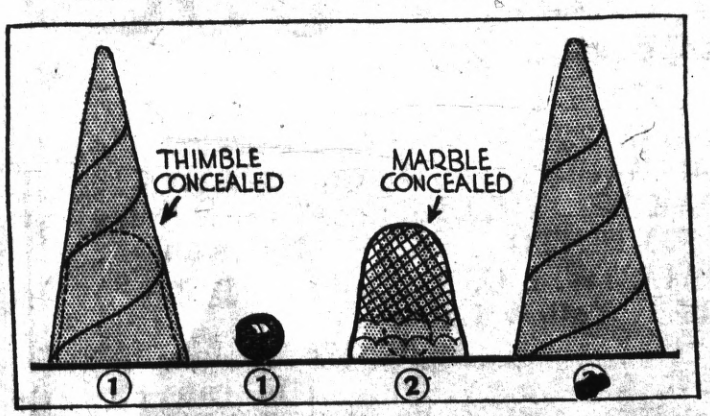
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

WNU—12 31—33

TRICKS of MAGIC EXPLAINED by Will L. Lindhorst

HOW TO DO MARBLE AND THIMBLE TRICK



This trick is similar to the famous shell game, only instead of using three shells and a pea, you use two marbles, two thimbles and two paper cones. The paper cones are made so they fit snugly over the thimbles. The marbles are placed side by side on a table and one is covered by a thimble. You do this secretly. In the above drawing the exposed marble and thimble are numbered 1 and 2, and the cones have identical numbers. The idea is to make the exposed marble and thimble change places. This does not really happen, but it can be made to appear so by moving the different articles in the following manner: Cone No. 1, under which a thimble is concealed, is placed over marble No. 1. Cone No. 2 is placed over thimble No. 2. Say a few words of magic over the cones and remove No. 1, being careful to have the thimble beneath remain on the table. Remove No. 2, pressing on the sides so the thimble beneath is taken with it. You will then have made the marble and thimble change places and the success of the trick lies in not letting your audience know of the duplicate marble and thimble.

(Copyright, Will L. Lindhorst.) WNU Service.

Narrow Head Not Healthy

The head that is narrow from ear to ear usually has the accompaniment of a body that is not up to health par, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Such subjects will often tend to be narrow in mental scope and consequently egotistical. They will make contacts with people poorly and tend toward self-centration. They will be loyal, conscientious and particular in detail. They will incline to be mental rather than physical in their desires.

Japanese Corn File for quick relief.

A Soft, Clear Skin
gives beauty and freshness to your complexion. Use this skin-purifying, toilet, bath and shampoo soap daily.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP
Contains 33⅓ per cent Pure Sulphur

Hill's Hair Dye, Black and Brown, 50c

BUSINESS BY MAIL
Earn $15 and up per week. Details free. Goodall, 957 Ellis St., San Francisco, Calif.

FORECLOSURES
Real ranch bargains. Free list.
P. O. BOX 552 - - HEMET, CALIF.

NO TRAFFIC TAGS IN SAN FRANCISCO

...when you stop at Hotel Gotham. Unrestricted parking privileges...leave your car without worry. And, two big modern drive in FREE garages in the hotel. The Gotham is the most easily accessible hotel to motorists coming in over the main travel highways (one block off Van Ness Avenue)...no downtown traffic snarls to buck. All rooms with colored tile bath and shower...unexcelled service...personal supervision of owner, L. P. De Lagnes.

Rates $2.00 single—$2.50 double

JUST BUILT

HOTEL GOTHAM

835 TURK STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco's Newest AND MOST MODERN Downtown Hotel!

Hotel Sir Francis Drake—just off Union Square—most convenient to theaters, shops, stores, business and financial district.

Only California hotel offering Servidor feature—thus enabling you to combine "maximum privacy with minimum tipping".

All rooms in the Tower with Western exposure have ultra-violet-ray (sun-bath) windows.

In every room—connection for radio reception, running filtered ice water, both tub and shower.

Dinner in Coffee Shop from 75¢ up—in Main Dining Room from $1.25 up. Also a la carte service.

Private garage in basement of hotel building with direct elevator service to Lobby and all guest-room floors!

Hotel SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
Powell Street at Sutter • San Francisco

Mother's Cook Book

FOR SUMMER MEALS

COCKTAILS are always a refreshing beginner for a luncheon or dinner. During the warm weather the melons of various kinds make especially attractive cocktails or fruit salads. Scoop out the balls of melon, using a small french potato cutter; serve with any sauce that appeals to the taste. A lemon sirup over muskmelon is well liked as is a ginger sirup, using some of the preserved ginger as a garnish.

Red Raspberry Whip.

Set a bowl into a pan of crushed ice. Into the bowl put one and one-half cupfuls of ripe berries, one cupful of powdered sugar and the white of an egg. Beat with a wire egg beater until the mixture holds its shape. Pile lightly on a fancy glass serving dish and surround with fresh macaroons. Serve with a chilled boiled custard.

Junket in Cups.

Heat a pint of milk until lukewarm, add one-fourth of a cupful of sugar and a junket tablet, crushed and added to a tablespoonful of vanilla. Turn into sherbet glasses and let stand in a warm place until set. Then chill. When ready to serve top each portion with a raspberry sauce.

Frozen Plum Pudding.

Melt three squares of chocolate over hot water, add one-fourth cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of boiling water, stir and cook until smooth and glossy. Scald one quart of milk, one cupful each of heavy cream and one cupful of sugar in a double boiler. Add the chocolate mixture and a tablespoonful of vanilla, one junket tablet dissolved in one tablespoonful of cold water. Set the mixture in a warm place until it jellies. Add one-half pound of mixed fruits soaked overnight in a thin sirup to cover, seeded raisins, shredded candied cherries, candied pineapple and shredded citron. Drain and pack in a fluted mold lined with lady fingers, cover and let stand in equal measures of ice and salt.

© by Western Newspaper Union

More Crochet

There is no lessening in enthusiasm for hand crochet. If you can crochet, here is an outfit you will be eager to start making right away, and the time and energy spent on it will reap rich reward in terms of ultra chic. Then, too, this trio of hat, gloves and sweater will prove a treasure in your wardrobe in that it is eminently practical and will be found always ready to wear since, being crocheted of white cotton, it launders. Loose mesh and tight crochet stitches are cleverly combined to make the high-yoke sweater.

Chain Drug Stores Banned

Under a governmental decree, drug stores in Argentina may not be operated by a corporation.

Revive Garden Party Type Frocks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

BACK to the "perfect picture" type of costume swings the pendulum of fashion this summer. Wherever fashionables gather at formal outdoor occasions the scene is graced with lovely ladies wearing romantic costumes which declare the revival of quaint and alluring garden-party frocks. Most artfully br-frilled and beruffled are these summery creations which are styled of wondrous sheer weaves, with skirts reaching to the ground, and hats the wide brims of which have not been so wide and picturesque for many a season past.

This revival of the beguilingly feminine in dress is especially apparent near and about the French capital this summer, where smart Parisiennes have been wearing just such enchanting gowns and chapeaux to the races as you see pictured in the group herewith. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more entrancing in the way of midsummer array than this trio of sheer airy-fairy frocks topped with hats whose shallow crowns and widened brims are the very essence of the poetry in millinery.

At every turn of the road in fashion's realm organdie in profusion greets the eye this summer, and if not organdie then mousseline de soie which enthrals even more because of its elusive sheerness. The winsome gown to the left in the picture tells a romantic story of intricately beruffled panels at each side of its voluminous skirt and in the wee jacket of pastel taffeta, the message being completed via one of the wide-brimmed capelines which are so distinctively new in that their crowns are exceedingly shallow and their brims amazingly broad. What's more they are worn to dip over an eye in a most tantalizing manner.

The model in the center is an entrancing sheer print frock such as Paris so widely acclaims for warm summer days. Note the shoulder treatment a la ruche. The identical sheer print trims the perfectly fascinating picture hat which milady wears. The gloves are black velvet, if you please, which well they may be according to fashion's latest edict.

Comes thirdly in the picture a lovely sheer gown the decorative feature of which centers in exquisite hand-embroidery which is worked to a nicety on bodice, sleeves and skirt. Again a huge capeline of the so-called shepherdess type, such as fashion adores this summer, adds the finishing touch to this costume.

While these three entrancing gowns serve as criterions of what's what in Paris midsummer modes, yet they tell but part of the story. There were, for example, any number of "picture" gowns fashioned with almost unbelievable simplicity which added infinitely to their lure. In some instances trimming was conspicuous by its absence in that many of the crisp transparencies and beloved sheer prints were individualized solely through varied sleeve treatments (some quite exaggerated) and with differing necklines, some of which were square-cut, others rounded and many softly draped.

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Latest in Berets

The beret offers new points. This original model is in stitched black satin, showing the exaggerated point over the right eye.

Warning Didn't Take

Carlyle warned of the dangers of speech making, and urged the world to cultivate a meditative silence.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

THRILLS

"THRILL," said a friend of mine who has lived many years, and gleaned wisdom from every one of them—"that is a word we seldom heard in my youth. Now it is on everyone's lips."

Does tha. mean they had fewer thrills in those days?

It would be my guess that they had more. For, not looking for thrills, not measuring every pleasure by the yardstick of "thrills," more things really thrilled them.

That's the trouble with a "thrill" standard. It requires a stronger stimulus to satisfy and the only result we are sure of is the fatigue. Though a diet of excitement may very much reduce the proportion of thrills, it "takes it out of us" just the same. It is no less wearing than if it all seemed "thrilling."

And those who think in terms of thrills—how much pleasure they must miss. For everything that is not a "thrill" is a disappointment.

Amusement, pleasure, joy — these have no place in the life of the thrill seeker, and contentment, that one certain handmaiden of the elusive fairy happiness—how little they know of it. They do not want to know it, apparently, for there is no thrill in contentment. But contentment "wears more of the herb called heartease in his bosom."

The more we learn of life, the more we have experienced and worn out "thrills"—the more we have been permitted realization in the rainbow-chasing, firefly-snatching, will o' the wisp hunting life of wanting to be thrilled—the more we find the real thrill, the ultimate satisfaction, the internal joy of living in that heartsease, that quiet joy, that Olympian achievement of the quiet contentment.

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Angel Wing Shoulders on Evening Jackets Newest

Angel wings appeared in 1933 styles for modish mortals when Schiaparelli launched her midseason collection showing "angel wing shoulders" on little evening jackets. These innovations are curved pieces of fabric extending from the top of the shoulder to the shoulder blade. They stand straight out on the mannequin's back.

Among the models was a little waist-length evening wrap of pansy blue crepe sprinkled with white blossoms, designed with angel wing shoulders, and worn with a white crepe evening frock.

Hookless, buttonless frocks pulled over the head were another feature of the display.

Slender, crinkled-crepe frocks with waistlines above normal were designed with round necklines finished with elastic ribbon, which pull wide when slipped over the head and snap back into place to fit closely around the throat.

DAYTIME SKIRTS AND SKIRT LENGTHS

The smooth bell skirt flaring from the hips without exaggerated ripples, but permitting plenty of freedom, is the favorite for all daylight hours. There are some back and front pleats variously placed; a few all-around pleated skirts. Some creators, like Worth and Patou, favor the straight and narrow, particularly for suits.

Daytime skirt lengths, in general, look a little longer—from 8 to 10 inches off the ground. Schiaparelli and Patou both show some a bit shorter—12 or 13 inches off.

Black for Swim Suits

Smart for swimming are black bathing suits worn with white accessories—or vice versa.

VOGUISH COTTONS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Cottons are playing a spectacular role on the stage of fashion. The attractive lassie in the picture is dressed in cotton from the tip-top of her pretty head down to her hemline, for hat, jacket and dress are all of a spongy soft cotton weave. The plaid cotton presents as handsome an appearance as more pretentious tweed and the beauty of it is that it tubs perfectly. The bolero jacket with its scarf neckline is removable.

BLACK SATIN SUIT IS WISE PURCHASE

Black satin is the common denominator of advance smartness to remember in your present purchases. It has been a long time since black satin had a run of luck, but it looks like it was in for the money now. The new designing sensation of Paris, "Dilkusha" has created the black satin "appointment suit" with nipped waistline and white handkerchief linen plastron and calls the result "Black Magic." Marvelous for all town appointments, and not a frailty for the budget either, as it'll still be useful next winter under your minks or sables. Majo, another new Paris house, comes clean with an austere and simple long double-breasted evening wrap in black satin which will send a lot of the little idiotic jackets into farcical tailspins.

"I have gotten to the point," says corpulent Corah, "where I can't even read a menu of whipped-cream dishes without taking on a pound or two."

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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

Issued every Friday from the office at
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HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER
Subscription Rates; 5c Per copy
50c for 3 Months
85c for 6 Months; $1.50 for One Year

The PROGRESS stands for:
1. Abolishing city council "star chamber" sessions. VICTORY NO. 1
2. Modification or annulment of the Parr lease.
3. Amendment of our present 1909 City Charter.

TIT FOR TAT

The success of the Progress in the six months of its existence may, perhaps best be judged by the opposition it has stirred up in competitive journalistic circles.

For the past two weeks our good friend, John Galvin, Jr., advertising manager of the Independent, and son of the publisher, has been in our midst in an effort to have our advertisers quit the Progress and use the columns of the evening paper. We predict Jack will have undeserved success.

And we say undeserved success because one only has to look at the splendid street improvements just completed, the activity in our artists' colony at Kozy Kove, the activity of the West Side Improvement Club and the generally progressive attitude of Point Richmond people to know that, whether this paper is a cause or effect, its continued life is a mighty important factor for Point Richmond people. Indeed, for all of Richmond as our victories for the people, such as the abolishing of the "star chamber," and our support of forces for lower taxes is essential to the proper growth of our city.

So it is only natural that having been handed a sock in the eye with TIT we will try to respond with TAT—which means that we will accept the thrown gauntlet, in the near future, to enter the lists of Richmond advertising.

Within the past week we have moved the printing plant of this paper to our home office at 140 Washington Avenue; and it is our candid opinion that we will continue to do our bit against any monopolistic ownership of the press in Richmond, California.

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem
(Continued from Front Page)

and just say, frankly, that we intend to shinny on our own side of the fence? Why, in the name of the great Jehova and the Continental congress, should we go further than that?

• • •

Personally, I am not concerned about any other waterfront than the one we did own—and hope to own again—and I, therefore, believe in playing safe—especially when there is nothing to be gained and, everything to lose—for even a cripple in the head knows we have already lost quite enough.

• • •

If you do not agree with me I am sorry. I want to help you. I may be wrong. I have, unhappily, been wrong many times—but I want to assure you that I mean well, and for your interests. When considering this matter, keep well in mind that adage born of the siege of Troy so many, many centuries ago—Beware of the Greeks bringing gifts!

THRILLS!

AND SPILLS . . . .
First Annual Rodeo
of the
Junior Chamber of Commerce
of Vallejo
Will be held in Vallejo on
August 5th and 6th
Reached via
CARQUINEZ BRIDGE

Chicken Ravioli Dinners
Delicious : Tempting : Satisfying
Weekdays, 40c : Sundays, 60c
ROMA HOTEL
JOS. MATTEUCCI
123 Standard Ave. Phone Richmond 107
BANQUETS OUR SPECIALTY
Take Home Some of Our Home-Made Raviolas

"More People Ride on Goodyears Than Any Other Tires"
CIVIC CENTER TIRE & BATTERY CO.
(A. KASTELIC) Agents for the Leading Brands Automobile Accessories
Nevin Ave. at Twenty-Third St. Phone Richmond 67?

MRS. GIANNASI
Coats and Dresses Made to Order
Repairing and Remodeling
61 Park Place
A Point Richmond Progress Booster

Progress Want Ads Bring Results

RELIABLE CLEANERS
C. O. D.
CLEANERS
Since 1909
Point Agent, BANK Tailor
Plant: 2409 Macdonald Ave.
Phone Richmond 683

Baths Open From 1:00 p. m.
To 12:00 a. m.
PHONE RICHMOND 1166
Richmond Steam Baths
and Massage
235 SIXTH STREET
Man Attendant: Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.
Lady Attendant: Tues. & Thurs.

EAT
THOSE GOOD
HAMBURGERS
Lager BEER on Draught
At the
COZY COFFEE COUNTER
Garrard & Richmond Ave.
Phone RI. 1134

SPIERSCH BROTHERS
SANITARY PLUMBERS
and
METAL WORKERS
Patent Chimneys, Automatic Gas Water Heaters, Radiant Fire Heaters, Warm Air and Electro-Gas Floor Furnaces
ESTIMATES GIVEN
Jobbing Properly Attended to
320 13th St., Richmond, Cal.
Since 1902

M. J. WELDING CO.
222 MACDONALD AVENUE
Telephone Richmond 3097
Body - Radiator - Fender Work
Welding & Brazing of all Kinds
Prices Right
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

WELDEN'S REMEDIES
For Sale at
Bank Cigar Store
Geo. Landrebe, Prop.
519 Macdonald Ave.

Safe Sealed
The care with which this milk is prepared—THE FINAL SAFEGUARD—perfectly pasteurized milk, bottled in absolutely sterile containers, comes to you in the finest possible condition. No germs, no dust, with the efficient, easily removed
KLEEN KAPS on AMERCAN MILK
American Creamery Co.
262 5th St. Phone Richmond 362

The PROGRESS has a Larger Circulation per copy than any Richmond paper

WILSON & KRATZER
The Funeral Home
Bissell Avenue at Seventh Street
Phone Richmond - 113

Announcing--
The Progress Press
FINE COMMERCIAL PRINTING

WE Take Pleasure in announcing that the commercial and job printing division of the Progress has now been organized as The Progress Press.

Orders for business and printed forms of a personal nature will be accepted, and executed with first class workmanship at equitable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NRA MEMBER U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

140 Washington Avenue Phone Richmond 3456

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

A Weighty Problem

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

WNU Service

Along the Concrete

In Defense of the Goose

For ages the goose has been regarded as the silliest of fowls, if not the most stupid thing in creation. Nobody believed the goose would pass the simplest intelligence test. Any person who acted or spoke irrationally was "as silly as a goose." No other simile could be found that so forcefully expressed the idea of perfect nonsense, of utter and ridiculous stupidity. However, it is said the goose is not "beautiful but dumb." On the contrary, it has a keen, penetrating intellect, an active mind and remarkably good judgment. The simile should be changed to "as intelligent as a goose."

Father Sage Says:

Financial experts do not seem to be at hand to warn the people when there is real danger. But as hindsighters, they come out strong.

Fourth Largest Inland Sea

The Aral sea in western Siberia is the fourth largest inland sea of the world, having an area of 24,400 square miles. It is salt, but comparatively less so than a number of other inland seas, having a salinity of only 10 per cent.

Events in the Lives of Little Men

BACKWARDS

"Tom says I am growing younger every day."

"That's a positive fact. Why, I shouldn't be surprised to see your name soon among the birth notices."

Richmond Business Directory

NRA — We Do Our Part

Members And Boosters

Cooperating With The National Recovery Plan

Automobile Dealers

CURRY AUTO SALES
1401 Macdonald .... Richmond 1350

Cleaning Business

DON'S DEPENDABLE CLEANING
600 Macdonald ..... Richmond 940
CLEANATORIUM CLEANERS
318 6th St. .....Richmond 460

Drug Stores

PALMATEER'S PHARMACY
134 Washington ..... Richmond 127

Finance

CONTRA COSTA FINANCE & LOAN CO.
341 10th St. ..... Richmond 874

Men's Furnishings

G. J. ALLYN
130 Washington .... Richmond 2438
McRACKEN'S
1011 Macdonald .... Richmond 248

Meat Market

LUDEWIG'S RICHMOND MARKET
510 Macdonald ..... Richmond 1900

Printing and Stationer

AL. FURRER
721 Macdonald ..... Richmond 7

Printing

PROGRESS PRESS
140 Washington .... Richmond 3456

WANT AD RATES, Each 25c
Three issues for 50c

FOR SALE—Six room house on a large lot. Imagine this for a buy at $550, with easy terms. Won't last long. SEE

SIDNEY H. GNAGA
Insurance Notary Real Estate
210 W. Richmond Ave. Ph. R. 2322

O. A. POULSEN
Jeweler
WATCH INSPECTOR FOR SANTA FE & S.P.R'Y'S
822 MACDONALD AVE
OPP FOX THEATRE

Dr. William B. Jenkins
Dr. Irene C. Jenkins
Chiropractic—Electro-Therapy
915½ Macdonald Avenue
Phone Richmond 470
Hours: 9 to 12—2 to 5. Evenings: Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 to 8

FURRER'S
ENGRAVERS PRINTERS
STATIONERS

RICHMOND Funeral Parlors
Formerly the BERT CURRY PARLORS
332-336 Eleventh St.
Phone Richmond 828
Henry C. Goodman
Claire, Curry Schmidt

WESTSIDE GARAGE
110 GARRARD BLVD.
Phone Richmond 490

CARL STENDER
General Insurance
111 Nevada Ave., Ph. RI. 3180-J

Miss Alicia Degley was a week-end visitor with the Teelings, on Summit Avenue.

Mrs. W. Uren of Oakland and Mrs. Hellinger of San Francisco, visited at the homes of Mr. John D. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Danielson last week.

CHASSEUR GROCERY
128 Standard Ave.
Phone Rich. 131
Joe Chasseur Ben Farina

CHALLENGE BUTTER, solid lb. 25c

SPECIAL—FRYERS
Freshly Dressed ..... lb. 25c
As long as they last

FLOUR, Globe A1, 24½ lbs., $1.00

CHERRIES, Royal Anne, Hunt's Supreme Quality, No. 2 Can, 2 cans, 25c.

CORN FLAKES, Kellogg's, 2 for 13c

DOG FOOD, Fearless, per can, 5c

POTATOES, Burbank, box 65c

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Frankie Matteucci returned home Sunday from his six week visit with his grandmother, Mrs. Quirollo, in Jackson. Mrs. Quirollo, after spending the day here with the family, returned to her home Monday morning accompanied by her niece, Naomi Firenze.

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem
(Continued from Front Page)

So now, it seems there is another scheme which stands in need of our co-operation, and here we are, asked to endorse something in which we have no possible concern; and, if we are over-persuaded I fear we will awaken some bright summer morning and find that this is another Parr lease tragedy—that is, we are persuaded to wade in with the assurance that the water is warm, but, alas! when we get in we find that it is as cold as Greenland's icy mountains, and when we skip for the shore we find that someone has stolen our clothes.

* * *

It seems like everybody in the United States who has some scheme to put over or who has made a miserable failure of his life thus far, heads straight for Richmond. Why is this? We seem to be a reasonably normal community, don't you think?. Then, in all conscience, why don't they leave us alone?

* * *

A dead man knows that we have miles of deep water frontage north of our outer harbor, with a line fixed by the Federal Government, and which would require no dredging. Let me ask you, why not build that way, if we need more harbor accomodations? But do we? Under city management we have facilities enough to provide for our wants for the next 50 years. Under the management of Mr. Parr, who promised to make our harbor "hum." Our present harbor will last a thousand years—even if half of it fell in the Bay—and at present costs and receipts most of us would like to see it all fall in the Bay and be done with the whole problem.

* * *

When a boy, I remember reading a fable about a cat which chased a mouse that proved too smart for him and made his hole by the skin of his teeth; the cat, nothing discouraged, sat by the hole and told the mouse in silver tones that he meant no harm to him— that he could come out and play with perfect security; that it would cost him nothing to do so, the poor mouse resisted the blandishments of the cat for a long time, but finally trusting to the promises of the cat, that it would cost him nothing, as did that Council at that tragic period when they trusted Mr. Parr to make Richmond "HUM" if given the lease—and gave it to him—so did this trusting mouse leave the safe refuge of his hole, come forth and was immediately gobbled up by the cat.

* * *

If there is nothing involved but a gesture of courtesy and good will, why not acknowledge their communication with all courtesy

(Continued on Editorial Page)

Mrs. Wm. Wylie and son, James Wylie, of Los Angeles, visited Monday with J. P. Ogdens. Mrs. Wylie is Mrs. Ogden's mother.

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